MARVEL
1
GIANT-SIZED ONE-SHOT
SANFORD GREENE
JONATHAN HICKMAN
DOOM
RATED T+
WITH
RACHELLE
ROSENBERG

LIVING ON BORROWED TIME...
THE CLOCK TICKS FASTER...

"We've found him.

"His vitals, however, are almost undetectable. Well below survivability thresholds.
"His armor also appears to be fused. Completely inoperable. Incapable of life support or stasis.
"And looking at the heat signatures, it's conclusive...
"Doom has been like this for a very long time...
"How is he still alive, Valeria?"
"It's magic, dummy.
"Bring him aboard."

He's stable... but he's going to need a lot of work.
Oh, uncle...
Look at you.
Just look at what he did to you.

DAYS OF DOOM

SANFORD GREENE & JONATHAN HICKMAN
ART—PLOT—SCRIPT

RACHELLE ROSENBERG
WITH SANFORD GREENE
COLORS

VC's JOE CARAMAGNA
LETTERING

SANFORD GREENE
& MATTHEW WILSON
COVER ART

ADI GRANOV; GREG & TIM HILDEBRANDT;
GEORGE PÉREZ & EDGAR DELGADO;
MARIA WOLF & MIKE SPICER
VARIANT COVER ART

KAT GREGOROWICZ
PRODUCTION DESIGNER

MICHELLE MARCHESE
ASSISTANT EDITOR

WIL MOSS
EDITOR

C.B. CEBULSKI
EDITOR IN CHIEF

DOCTOR DOOM CREATED BY STAN LEE & JACK KIRBY

© 2024 MARVEL. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental.

H.E.R.B.I.E., we need to find a place where he can recover. Nurse him back to health while we come up with a plan for what to do next.
Shi'ar space is closest and would have been perfect, but obviously that's not an option now.
Maybe--
I think I might have a solution, Valeria...
"It must have drifted from the area where they fought, but the head of his armor appears to be intact."

Okay, vitals look good?
Yes. Completely stable and growing stronger by the minute. Doom is returning from the dead.
Then let's bring him back up. Slowly.
Reducing anesthetics... Increasing oxygen... Injecting one percent Super-Soldier Serum...
Careful there--you know I plan to give him...
I know the correct dosage, Valeria. Your father--
I don't want to talk about that.
Yes. Understood.
...
Val...
Valeria...
Welcome back to the land of the short-lived, Uncle.
What...
What happened?
You lost.

H.E.R.B.I.E. has accessed the memory core of your great Doom Titan and replayed the battle between you and Galactus.
I've checked and double-checked all of your calculations. Under normal circumstances, you should have been able to hold your own. But what you didn't know was exactly how relentless the World-Eater's pilgrimage had been.
"You assumed...
"And were foolish to act so quickly."
And your father...the others?
They were foolish to wait.

You assumed a universal constant like Galactus would remain constant.
That billions of years of consistent behavior would continue without change.
"Then you were... disabused of that notion.

"He broke your machine."
And then...
"...he broke you.
"After that, Galactus continued forward.

"I understand why the mistake was made. Galactus is nothing if not an exercise in energy conservation. He moves slowly through the universe, coveting his energy... controlling his appetite.
"We have never seen--this universe has never witnessed--the World-Eater both rampant and ravenous...
"But that is what defines him now.
"Equilibrium be damned, he has surrendered to the madness...
"To the hunger."

After you, he did not stop.
He raced from planet to planet. Devouring all.
"Worlds fell...
"Societies collapsed...
"Whole civilizations were erased...
"As he ate world...
"...after world...
"...after world..."

...until he came to ours.

"When you and Father first discovered what Galactus had been doing--*and where his eventual path led*--*you* decided to act...
"...and ***Father*** decided to do what he always does...
"He attempted to solve the problem.
"So he gathered all of Earth's heroes. He gathered all of Earth's villains.
"He strategized. He planned. He solved for everything.

"An army was assembled...
"They stood in the gap...
"Faced the great enemy...

"And Galactus destroyed them all.

"He left our planet a husk. An empty shell. A dead world where nothing would live again."
That was two years ago...
"...and I've been looking for you ever since."

Hrrrnnnnn.
And how did you survive, Valeria? When all else perished?
Oh, you know me, Uncle.
I was never seduced by the short-term satisfaction of victory.
I've always been more interested in survival.
Just like you.
No, Valeria. Doom does not survive...
Doom endures.

And we are alone--all that's left? Did no one else stand in the World-Eater's way?
"They did.
"After Earth, the guardians of the universe assembled and met Galactus just outside of Council space.
"But they fared no better than the defenders of Earth.
"So...yes. Of all the living things that measure their lives by normal means, only we remain."
"Then I will need armor."
You'll need more than that.
Your ordinary armor won't do...but I think I have a solution...
The problem is that your human biology can't support what I've built.
You'll need to become... something more.
I've grafted the blood of a Celestial onto human plasma.
The Super-Soldier Serum H.E.R.B.I.E. gave you earlier should keep it from killing you while your body synthesizes it.

As for your armor...
It's a composite of uru and vibranium.
One for strength and durability.... the other to serve as a conduit for the three Cosmic Cubes that power both you and the suit.
Whaddya think, Uncle?

Doom is...
...pleased.
Well, building amazing things runs in the family...
But I wouldn't be too happy until you hear the rest.
Ah! I see now. At the time, your father and I could not understand Galactus' motives...

...but you...
...you figured it out first, didn't you?
"Two days ago, I watched a spiral galaxy eat a broken nebula...
"...and it was so insignificant...
"...just background noise.
"A brilliant nothing compared to the silhouette...

"...of what unfolded before it.

"I watched it all from a few light-years away...
"Galactus--overflowing with the power of hundreds of devoured planets--going to war with Celestial gods.
"The heavens shook as the Eater of Worlds fought the Judges of them. It was terrifying.
"Many gods have fallen in the time we have known each other, Uncle--deicide is something we have both seen...
THOOM
"But I swear, the killing of an entire pantheon is a sight best left for the blind...
"Who would do such a thing?
"Who *could* do such a thing?
SKREEEEEEEE
"Look, if you dare, Uncle...
"The answer is Galactus.

"But as to your question of why he is doing the things he is... No, I still haven't figured it out."
CHOOOM
CHOOM CHOOM
"Ah, Valeria... it's right there in front of you."
"The Celestial's machine?"
CHOOM
CHOOM
"You know what an Ultimate Nullifier is--you've held one in your hands...
"This? This is its monstrous mother--a nameless entropic nightmare.
"A universe killer...
"...and a universe creator.
"The death of one... so that it may be replaced by another.

"Galactus, it seems, is tired of waiting for his role: to witness the end of one universe and the start of a new one born from its destruction."
"He's going to *replace* everything?"
Yes.
Then we have to stop him.
We certainly must try.

"But know this--he will have new heralds. He always does..."
To watch his back as he feeds the machine from his many feedings...
"Can he destroy everything without the machine?"
"Unlikely, but--"
"But nothing. I'll try to destroy the machine. You handle the *Molecule Men*...
"Then we'll see what's left to deal with the madness of Galactus."
I hope you've recovered enough-- I hope you're strong enough--
Strong enough? At my weakest, I am strong enough to face any foe.
Even should it mean my end.

What follows are the final words of Doom:
For most...
THOOM
...everything ends in regret.

And such regret often leads to particular questions:
How did it come to this? Where did things go wrong? Could it have been prevented?
And most of all:
How did we not see this coming?

Some argue that the right person at the right time could have prevented what happened.
I know the folly of this thinking.
When the end comes, there will always be the desperate cries of "what if?"
As a tyrant, as a despot, as a ruler of men...
...I have heard all the questions the damned do surely ask.

Because they think that civilization could have been saved.
That the empire of man could have been maintained.
WHOOOM
But they do not understand the nature of the universe.
The infinite finite...
The endless end...

They pray for a miracle.
And why would they not...I've performed no small number of them...
But they are praying for someone to hold up something that is already collapsing all around them.
A god came to Earth and judged it--Galactus judged the Earth and every other planet that exists--and he found that we were not worth saving.

Still... they pray. "Someone save us."
But one cannot save what is already lost.

So I beg you, take a moment and think about all the things that are gone...
...but more than that...what we still have to lose.
Valeria...
Valeria, can you hear me?

Yes, Uncle...
I'm approaching the machine.
H.E.R.B.I.E., is there any chance we can disarm this thing... or better yet, break it? Forever.
No. Not once it's active...
...and it certainly is that.
Then I guess that decides it.
I'm going in.
Loop yourself into the mainframe...
As much power as there is running through this thing, there should be several conduits for spillover.
Will you check--?
There are five such conduits, Valeria.
Can we close them off?
Yes. But if we do that, then--
Yeah, I know...give me access.

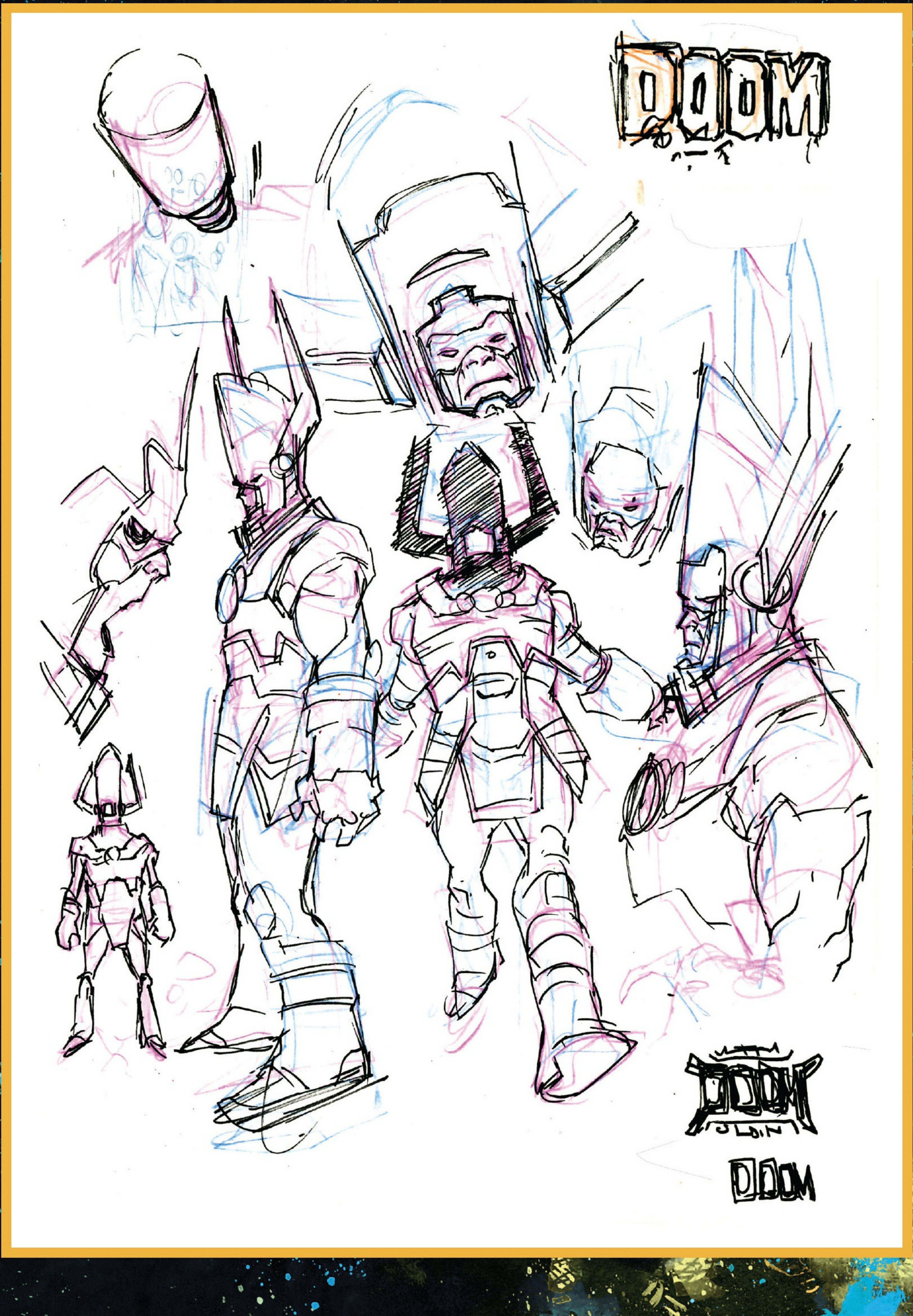
Uncle Doom?
Yes, Valeria?
I want you to know something...
You were always good to me...you protected me... looked after me.
I just want you to know...
...I loved you for it.
BLOOP!
Because one day, sure enough, that too will be taken from you.

Then you will look back on the moments you lived...
Judging yourself on whether or not you did so adequately.
This is not nihilism. It is certainty.
And we know it in our bones. This day will come.

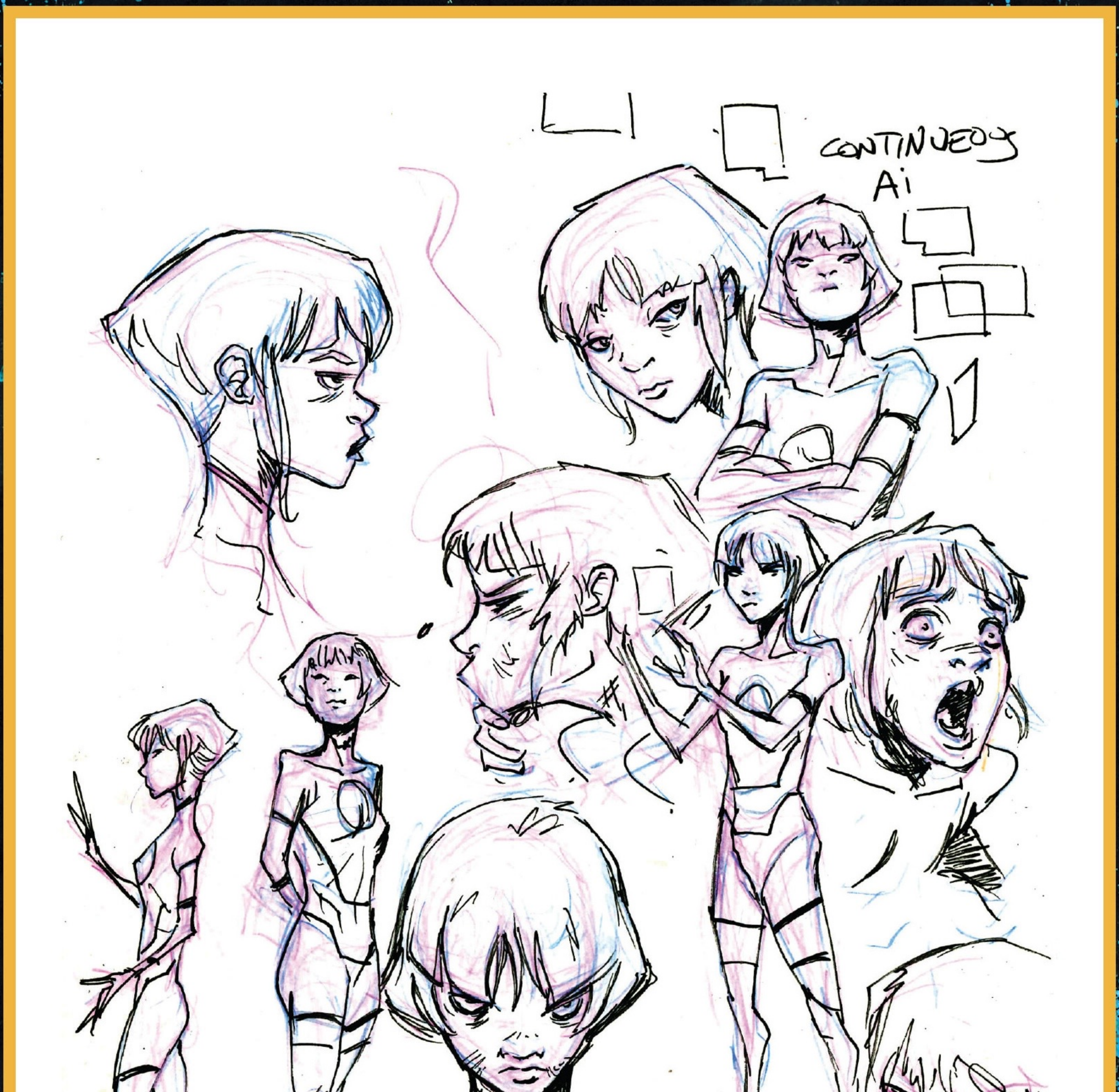
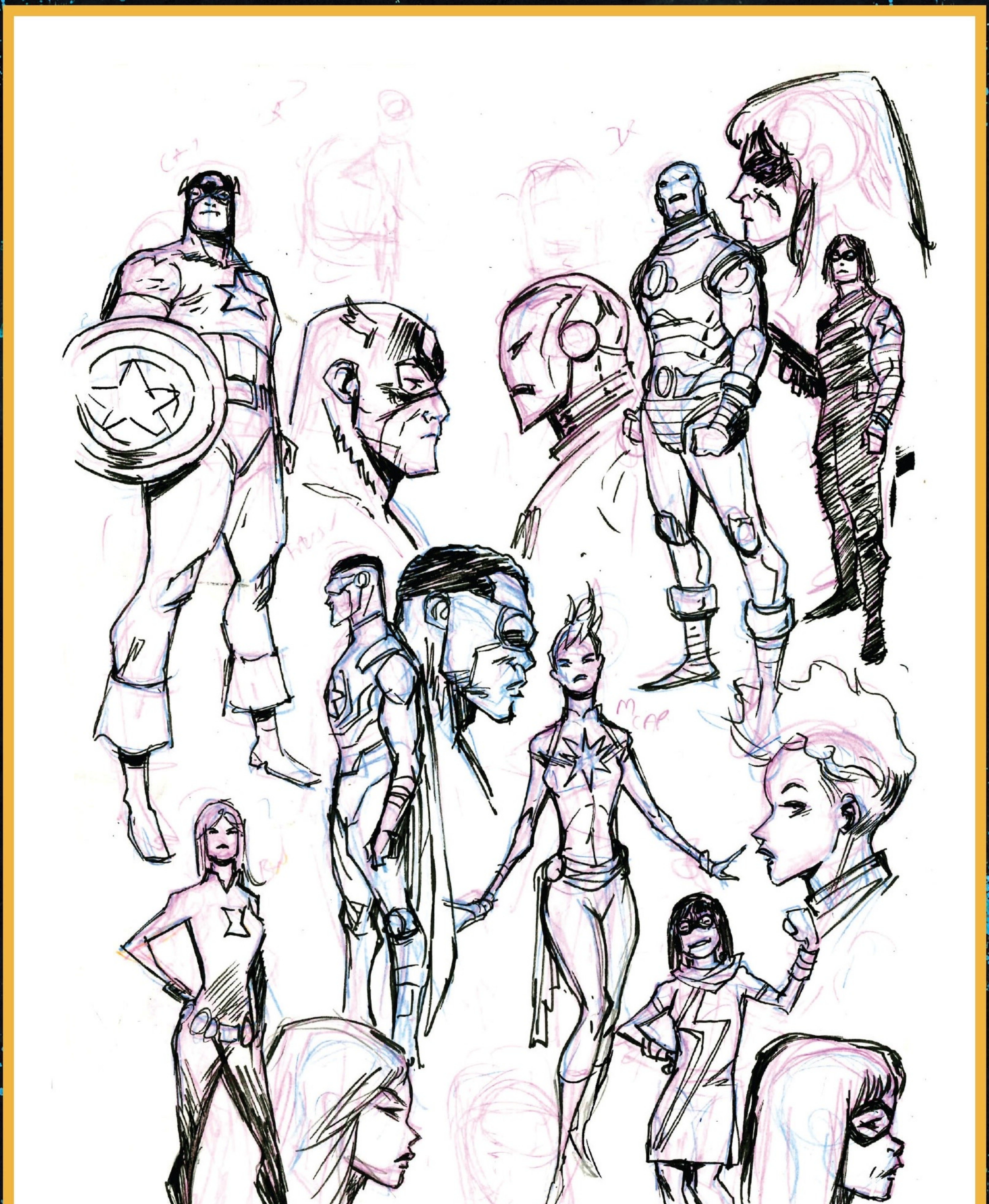
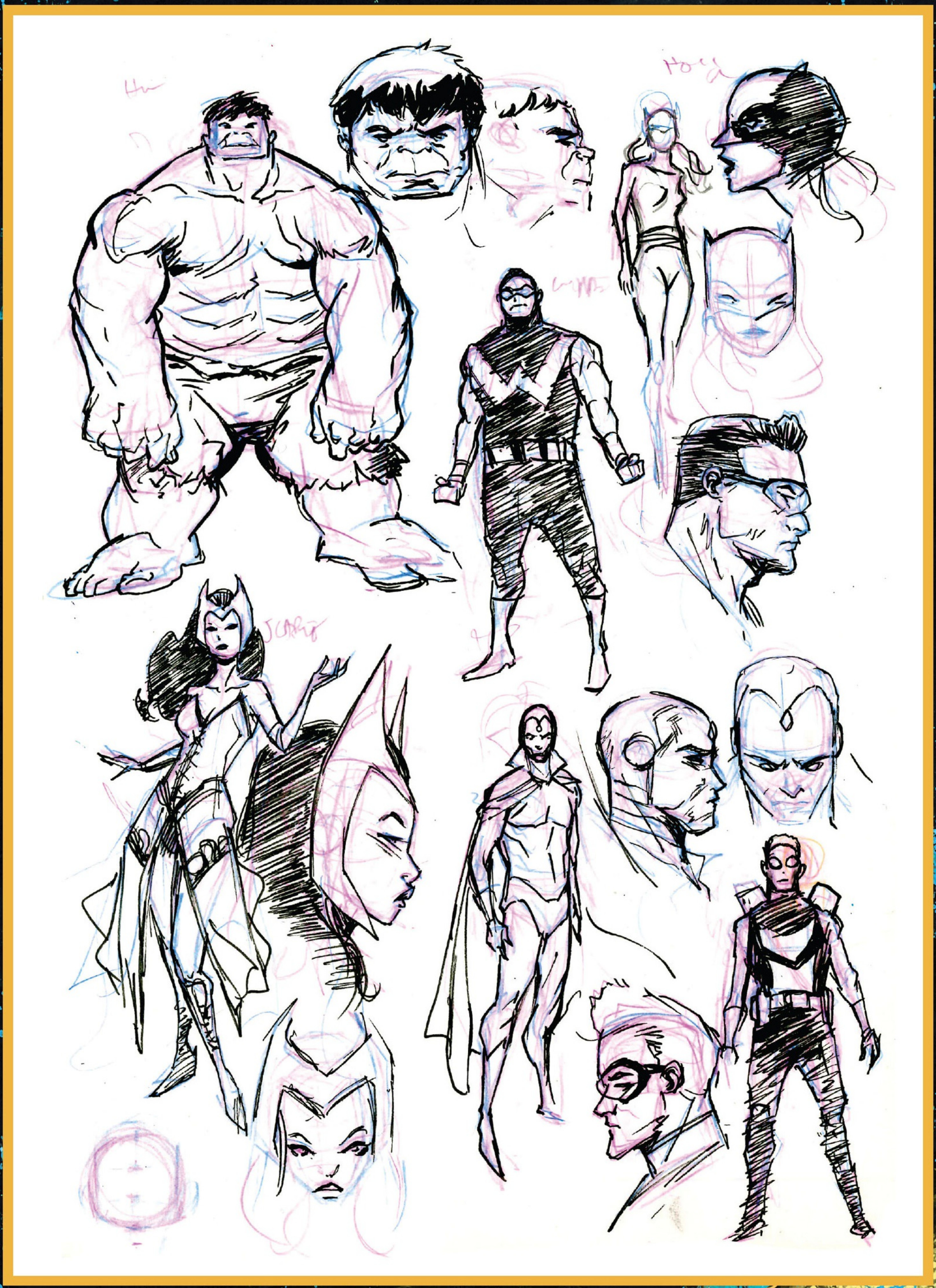
Life ends for all of us.
So accept it... with head held high.
Refusing to be judged by what gods remain in the universe...
And unscarred by whatever sins lie in your past.
When all that remains is one final moment of defiance...

...embrace Doom and laugh in its face.
End.

CHARACTER SKETCHES
BY SANFORD GREENE



DOOM


CONTINUED'S
Ai
V.A.L